

H Y M N S,

BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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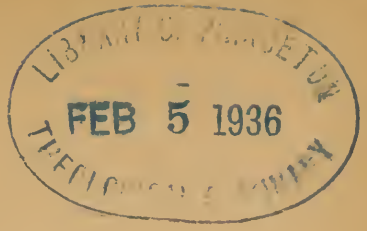
From Bill, Amos 716

Lyons. By St. C. Poynter in Board's Call 1837

'All things that are on earth shall utterly fade away'

114

7. Lyons in this volume appeared in
John Kelly Board's Call London 1837.



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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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HYMN I.

“THE LORD GIVETH WISDOM.”

MIGHTY ONE, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet!

Source of Truth, whose beams alone
Light the mighty world of mind!
God of Love, who, from thy throne,
Watchest over all mankind!

Shed on those who, in Thy name,
Teach the way of Truth and Right,
Shed that Love's undying flame,
Shed that Wisdom's guiding light.

HYMN II.

“THY WORD IS TRUTH.”

OH, thou, whose Love can ne'er forget
Its offspring, Great Eternal Mind!
We thank thee that thy truth is yet
A sojourner among mankind;

A light before whose brightness fall
The feet arrayed to tread it down,
A voice whose strong and solemn call
The cry of nations cannot drown.

Thy servants, at this sacred hour,
With humble prayer thy throne surround,

That here, in glory and in power,
That light may shine, that voice may sound;

Till Error's shades shall flee away,
And Faith, descending from above,
Amid the pure and perfect day,
Shall bring her fairer sister Love.

Beauchamp Call 1837

HYMN III.

“THE EARTH IS FULL OF THY RICHES.”

ALMIGHTY, hear thy children raise
The voice of thankfulness and praise,
To Him whose wisdom deigned to plan
This fair and bright abode for man.

For when this orb of sea and land
Was moulded in thy forming hand,
Thy calm, benignant smile impressed
A beam of heaven upon its breast.

Then rose the hills, and broad and green
The vale's deep pathway sank between ;

Then stretched the plains to where the sky
Stoops and shuts in the exploring eye.

Beneath that smile earth's blossoms glowed,
Her fountains gushed, her rivers flowed,
And from the shadowy wood was heard
The pleasant sounds of breeze and bird.

Thy hand outspread the billowy plains
Of ocean, nurse of genial rains,
Hung high the glorious sun and set
Night's cressets in her arch of jet.

Lord, teach us, while the unsated gaze
Delighted on thy works delays,
To deem the forms of beauty here
But shadows of a brighter sphere.

*altered from text in
Brand's Coll 1851*

HYMN IV.

“HIS TENDER MERCIES ARE OVER ALL HIS WORKS.”

Our Father! to thy love we owe
All that is fair and good below.
Where'er in life our steps are led
Thy mercies strow the path we tread.

Oh, Giver of the quickening rain!
Oh, Ripener of the golden grain!
The day's broad light, the beams that shine
In all the stars of heaven are thine.

Thy frosts arrest, thy tempests chase
The plagues that waste our helpless race,

Thy softer breath, o'er land and deep,
Wakes nature from her winter sleep.

Yet, deem we not that thus alone
Thy bounty and thy love are shown,
For we have learned with higher praise
And holier names to speak thy ways.

In woe's dark hour our kindest stay,
Sole trust when life shall pass away,
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of Death, and consecrate the tomb.

Patient with headstrong guilt to bear,
Slow to avenge and kind to spare,
Listening to prayer and reconciled -
Full soon to thy repentant child.

*altered from text in
Boswell's Call 1837.*

HYMN V.

“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.”

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

Oh, there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night,

And Grief may bide, an evening guest,
But Joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny ;
Though, with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

Beard: Coll 4857

HYMN VI.

“NO MAN KNOWETH OF HIS SEPULCHRE.”

WHEN he who, from the scourge of wrong,
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region promised long,
And bowed him on the hills to die ;

God made his grave, to men unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale infold,
And laid the aged seer alone,
To slumber while the world grows old.

Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close their dim eyes on life and pain,

Heaven watches o'er their slumbering dust
Till the pure spirit comes again.

Though nameless, trampled and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

HYMN VII.

“A BROKEN AND A CONTRITE HEART, OII GOD,
THOU WILT NOT DESPISE.”

OII GOD, whose dread and dazzling brow
Love never yet forsook !
On those who seek thy presence now
In deep compassion look.

Aid our weak steps and eyesight dim
The paths of peace to find,
And lead us all to learn of Him
Who died to save mankind.

For many a frail and erring heart
Is in thy holy sight,

And feet too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.

Yet, pleased the humble prayer to hear,
And kind to all that live,
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
Art ready to forgive.

Beard's Call 1857

HYMN VIII.

“HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES !”

THOU, whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, Oh God ! to thee.

And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before thy mercy seat.

May they who err be guided here
To find the better way,

And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

*altered from text in
Burd's Coll 1837*

HYMN IX.

“ I WILL SEND THEM PROPHETS AND APOSTLES.”

ALL that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father! speaks of Thee;
And in the darkness, or the day,
Thy monitors surround our way.

The fearful storms that sweep the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from thy awful throne.

Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the winged hour,

All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them lessons from above.

Nor thus content, thy gracious hand,
From midst the children of the land,
Hath raised, to stand before our race,
Thy living messengers of grace.

We thank thee that so clear a ray
Shines on thy straight, thy chosen way,
And pray that passion, sloth, or pride,
May never lure our steps aside.

Beaumont Hall 1837

HYMN X.

“EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE, THEY LABOR
IN VAIN THAT BUILD IT.”

ANCIENT OF DAYS ! except thou deign
Upon the finished task to smile,
The workman's hand hath toiled in vain.
To hew the rock and rear the pile.

Oh, let thy peace, the peace that tames
The wayward heart, inhabit here,
That quenches passion's fiercest flames,
And thaws the deadly frost of fear.

And send thy love, the love that bears
Meekly with hate, and scorn, and wrong,

And loads itself with generous cares,
And toils, and hopes, and watches long.

Here may bold tongues thy truth proclaim,
Unmingled with the dreams of men,
As from His holy lips it came
Who died for us and rose again.

HYMN XI.

“THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.”

LORD, from whose glorious presence came
The truth that made our fathers free,
And kindled in their hearts the flame
Of love to man and love to thee.

Bow the great heavens, thy throne of light,
And fill these walls, as once, of yore,
Thy spirit rested in its might
Upon the ark that Israel bore.

Here, let thy love be strong to draw
Our wavering hearts to do thy will,

And hush them with the holy awe
That makes the rebel passions still.

And while thy children, frail and blind,
Here bend in humble prayer to thee,
Oh, shed abroad, on every mind,
The truth that made our fathers free.

HYMN XII.

“OTHER SHEEP I HAVE, WHICH ARE NOT OF THIS
FOLD: THEM ALSO I MUST BRING.”

Look from the sphere of endless day,
Oh, God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee.

Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

Send them thy mighty word to speak
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,—
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

HYMN XIII.

“THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.”

WHEN this song of praise shall cease,
Let thy children, Lord, depart
With the blessing of thy peace
And thy love in every heart.

Oh, where'er our path may lie,
Father, let us not forget
That we walk beneath thine eye,
That thy care upholds us yet.

Blind are we, and weak, and frail ;
Be thine aid forever near ;
May the fear to sin prevail
Over every other fear.

HYMN XIV.

THE MOTHER'S HYMN.

“BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN.”

LORD, who ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank thee for the hopes that rise
Within her heart, as, day by day,
The dawning soul, from those young eyes,
Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.

And, grateful for the blessing given
With that dear infant on her knee,

She trains the eye to look to heaven,
The voice to lisp a prayer to thee.

Such thanks the blessed Mary gave
When from her lap the Holy Child,
Sent from on high to seek and save
The lost of earth, looked up and smiled.

All-Gracious! grant to those who bear
A mother's charge, the strength and light
To guide the feet that own their care
In ways of Love, and Truth, and Right.

HYMN XV.

“HIS MOTHER KEPT ALL THESE SAYINGS IN HER
HEART.”

As o'er the cradle of her Son
The blessed Mary hung,
And chanted to the Anointed One
The psalms that David sung,

What joy her bosom must have known,
As, with a sweet surprise,
She marked the boundless love that shone
Within his infant eyes.

But deeper was her joy to hear,
Even in his ripening youth,

And treasure up, from year to year,
His words of grace and truth.

Oh, may we keep his words like her,
In all their life and power,
And to the law of love refer
The acts of every hour.

HYMN XVI.

“WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UNTO YOU, DO IT.”

“WHATE’ER he bids observe and do ;”
Such were the words that Mary said,
What time the Holy One and True
Sat where the marriage feast was spread.

Then, at his word, the servants sought
The streams from Cana’s fountains poured,
And lo ! the crystal water brought
Was ruddy wine upon the board.

Whate’er he bids observe and do ;
Such be the law that we obey,

And greater wonders men shall view
Than that of Cana's bridal day.

The flinty heart with love shall beat,
The chains shall fall from passion's slave,
The proud shall sit at Jesus' feet
And learn the truths that bless and save.

HYMN XVII.

“PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE LAND.”

Go forth, oh Word of Christ! go forth,
Oh Truth of God supremely strong!
To banish, from the groaning earth,
All forms of tyranny and wrong.

For where the Word of Christ prevails
To touch a nation's mighty heart,
The oppressor's pride before it quails,
The links of bondage fall apart.

When the pure faith by Jesus taught
Its conquering course on earth began,
Where'er the blessed news was brought
The fettered slave stood up a man.

Still may thy heralds, Lord, proclaim
The gracious message published then,
And teach the world, in Jesus' name,
How love makes free the sons of men.

HYMN XVIII.

COMMUNION HYMN.

“THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

All praise to Him of Nazareth,
The Holy One who came
For love of man to die a death
Of agony and shame.

Dark was the grave; but since he lay
Within its dreary cell,
The beams of heaven's eternal day
Upon its threshold dwell.

He grasped the iron veil, he drew
Its gloomy folds aside,

And opened to his followers' view
The glorious world they hide.

In tender memory of his grave
The mystic bread we take,
And muse upon the life he gave
For our unworthy sake.

A boundless love he bore mankind;
Oh, may at least a part
Of that strong love descend and find
A place in every heart.

HYMN XIX.

“THOU HAST PUT ALL THINGS UNDER HIS FEET.”

Oh, North, with all thy vales of green !

O South, with all thy palms !

From peopled towns and fields between

Uplift the voice of psalms.

Raise, ancient East ! the anthem high,

And let the youthful West reply.

Lo ! in the clouds of Heaven appears

God's well-beloved Son,

He brings a train of brighter years,

His kingdom is begun.

He comes a guilty world to bless,

With mercy, truth and righteousness.

Oh, Father! haste the promised hour,
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky:
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said,
Amid their daily cares,
And, by the loving life He led,
Shall strive to pattern theirs:
And He who conquered Death shall win
The mightier conquest over Sin.

Page 100
Page 101 a/c

gbb
Privately printed 1864
25 copies reissued 1869

This apparently of 1st Latin
issue? in the 2nd line of
4th line in page 9
reads:

"Delighted in thy notes delay"

? See Chamberlain Catalogue
No. 43

